

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LLOYD, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Saturday, January 31, 1874.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
The following firms are advertised in our columns. From personal acquaintance with these business houses we feel perfectly justified in warmly recommending them to the readers of the GAZETTE. For particulars, read their advertisements in detail.

CLOTHING—READY MADE & TO ORDER.
Watson & Co., 813 Broad-st. Newark.
K. Dushan & Co., 815 Broad-st.

HATS, CAPS AND SUMMER HATS.
Robert Duff, 411 Broad-st. Newark.
R. F. Jolley & Co., 329 Broad-st.
Jat. Moon, 485 Broad-st.
N. A. Merritt, cor. Broad & Orange-sts.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
J. L. Edwards, 495 Broad-st.
L. Fawcett, 477
R. F. Jolley & Co., 329 Broad-st.
W. A. Maunders, 495
C. H. Wyman, Montclair.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.
J. G. Kayler, Bloomfield.
Baldwin & Meeker, Newark.
Douglas, Sons & Co., 797 Broad-Street.

Dry Goods.
Marvin Dodd & Co., 677 Broad-st. Newark.
A. Grant, Jr. & Co., 491
Higgins & Freeman, 499
W. J. Snyder & Co., 797 Broad-st.
Walsh & Waterfield, 701
T. Mc Manus, Market-st.
E. Wilde, Bloomfield.
W. L. Doremus & Bro., Montclair.
O. H. Wyman, Montclair.
S. M. Lederer, 303 Greenwich-st., N. York.
S. Sulzberger, 248 Greenwich-st.

HARDWARE, TOOLS, HOUSE FURNISHING, HANGINGS &c.
Edward Wilde, Bloomfield.
Rising & Thomas, 475 Broad-st., Newark.

GAS FITTING, PLUMBING, FURNACE, &c.
N. N. Crane, Montclair.
O'Malley & Arson, Bloomfield.
Hargrave & Hayes, Bloomfield.
Angell, Atwater & Co., 706 Broadway, N.Y.

FANCY GOODS, &c.
Cawley & Bliss, 711 Newark.
Fox & Platt, 535
Miss M. J. Olsen, 528

SHOES, READY-MADE OR TO ORDER.
Cawley & Stryker, 489
C. Garabrant, 635
B. Irwin, 779
Horace Dodd, Bloomfield.
J. Baxile, Montclair.
W. Jacobs, Montclair.

CARRIAGES, HARNESS, &c.
C. C. Corby, Montclair.
J. J. Hanson, Bloomfield.
N. H. Dodd, Montclair.

GROCERIES.
Martin Brothers, Bloomfield.
E. Wilde, Montclair.
M. R. Maxwell, Montclair.
W. L. Doremus, Montclair.
Brugha & Bates, 465 Broad-st., Newark.
J. H. Bochen & Bro., 96 Barclay-st., N. Y.
Hecker, 203 Cherry-st.
Boyle & Lytle, Park Place.

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, &c.
G. W. Money Penny, Bloomfield.
W. Neiderhiser, Montclair.
Jacob Fessell, Newark.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. W. K. Pinkham, 478 Broad-st., Newark.
Dr. Geo. Innes, Montclair.
Dr. F. J. Koonz, 1 Great Jones-st., N.Y.

PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, &c.
Hayden & Owens, Montclair.
S. P. Davis, 553 Broad-st., Newark.

SCHOOLS.
Newark Academy, High-street, Newark.
Grammar and High School, Bloomfield.
Miss Shilley's School, Bloomfield.
Miss Mitchell, Bloomfield.

PHARMACEUTICALS.
Blake, Cor. Broad and Orange-sts., Newark.

MISCELLANEOUS.
COAL—J. N. Van Liew, Bloomfield.
WATCHMAKERS—R. Lewis, Bloomfield.

DRUGS.
Dr. W. H. White, Bloomfield.
Betzler & Wheeler, Montclair.
Hind & Murphy, 81 Barclay-st. New York.

ARCHITECTS.
Briggs & Colman, Newark.
H. Lamb, Newark.

GRANITE WORKS—Church & Williams, &c.

CROCKERY, POTTERY, DRAIN PIPE.
E. Wilde, Bloomfield.
W. L. Doremus, Montclair.
W. H. Osborn, Belleville Ave., Newark.

REAGENTS.
J. H. Hughes, Bloomfield.

Wm. Jacobus, Montclair.
Wm. H. Harris, Montclair.

STATIONERY.
E. Madison, Montclair.
Lyons & Ames, 77 Thomas street, New York.

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS.
Hagell's Bazaar, 77 Broad-st., Newark.
Sawyer's Machines, R. Peale, 450 Broad-st., Newark.

Burnett, 10 Academy-st.
N. A. Merritt, 60 Orange-st.

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING.
W. S. Hedberg, 880 Broad St., Newark.
Miss Ripley, 535
Mrs. Davis, 535

DR. P. J. KOONZ, DENTIST.
No. 1 GREAT JONES ST., near Broadway, NEW YORK.
Laughing Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

DENTISTRY.
W. PINKHAM, D. D. S., (Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College), 476 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Refers by permission to Messrs. Wm. B. Guild, Jr., Gen. F. H. Harris, Dr. A. Ward, W. T. Mercer, G. R. Kent, of Newark; Drs. Love and Pinkham, of Montclair; and Dr. Wilmarth, of East Orange.

ALEXANDER MCKIRGAN, DENTIST.
No. 48 Bank Street, NEWARK, N. J.
Laughing Gas administered.

Architects.
BRIGGS & COLMAN, ARCHITECTS, 445 BROAD STREET, RHODES' BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
J. I. Briggs, ERNEST COLMAN.

ARCHITECTURE—HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.
Parties contemplating building homes will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned, who has made a specialty of DWELLINGS, and can show plans for neat cottages from \$1000 and upwards.

Photography.
CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, \$2 per Doz.
Pictures copied, enlarged and finished in any style and in lower prices than any other gallery in the City.

BLAKE & CO'S PHOTOGRAPH & STEREO-TYPE ROOMS.
Cor. Broad and Orange Streets, first corner below M. & E. R. R. NEWARK.
Pictures taken in all weathers. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. May 10-ly

Well Papers, Curtains, &c.
SAMUEL P. DAVIS, LACE CURTAINS, WALL PAPERS, WINDOW SHADES.

WHITE AND BUFF HOLLANDS.
NO. 583 BROAD ST. (near Nesbitt) NEWARK.
All orders promptly attended to. Feb 21-ly

CONFECTIONERY.
FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT.
The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. No postponement on account of the weather.

The same Delicious Creams and Ice, WILL BE MADE AND DELIVERED TO Families, Boarding Houses, Balls, Societies, &c.
AT THE SAME LOW PRICES AS IN THE SUMMER.

Boarding house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DESERT two or three times a week—they can cook up something that is cheaper or more refreshing.

ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF CREAM.
Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We have all kinds of FANCY MOULDS.

Both large and small, of Birds, Animals, Men, Fruit, &c. Estimates will be given for serving.

WEDDINGS AND PARTIES.
with all Refreshments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Tea, we are now serving up

OSTERS, SCALLOPS, Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.
Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

The same liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in as you please.

FUSSELL, No. 608 BROAD STREET.

Reliable Agents Wanted.—To those who will give their whole time to the business, liberal terms will be granted.

Bank, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank

OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS Institution commenced business on the 4th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 445 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

DIRECTORS.

H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fuller, J. G. Darlington, Wm. T. Thos. E. G. Fawcett, E. L. McNaughton, J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph F. Doremus, P. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith, Joseph Coult, H. M. Rhodes, George Roe, GEORGE ROE, Cashier, Mar. 1-ly

PEOPLES' Savings Institution, 445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J. NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of 7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM, was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President. ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

CITIZENS' Insurance Company, 445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$200,000. ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

JAR J. DARLINGTON, President. A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary. G. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. NEWARK, N. J.

Statement, January 1st, 1873.

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1873, \$23,941,705 81

Received for premiums during the year 1873, \$5,344,188 51

Received for interest during the year 1873, 1,324,116 15

Received for annuities during the year 1873, 770 99

Total receipts for 1873, \$6,909,055 66

Paid claims by death, \$1,911,444 70

Paid endowments, \$6,891 11

Paid surrenders and policies, 296,094 08

Paid advertising and printing, 64,004 90

Paid contingent expenses, 85,945 91

Paid postage and exchange, 11,051 49

Paid taxes and interest, \$4,644 00

Paid commissions to agents, 406,949 88

Paid physicians' fees, 20,383 32

Paid annuities, 1,465 70

Paid return premiums, \$5,969 42

Total disbursements, \$14,575,063 91

Balance on hand, \$19,366,641 90

Real estate, 149,092 38

United States securities, 1,581,800 00

State, city and county bonds, \$1,125,800 00

Notes and mortgages, 10,324,302 70

Loans on policies in force, \$583,970 20

Loss commissions, 1,455 41

Due for premiums in course of transmission, 118,978 25

Interest due and accrued, 534,081 88

Premiums due and not yet received, on latest principle of November and December of this sum \$150,000 has since been received January 15, 1874.

Total assets January 1, 1874, \$36,511,151 41

Total Expense to Income, (excluding taxes) 8,57 per cent.

The dividend of Return Premiums declared by the directors in 1873, will be paid to the assured as these premiums fall due in 1874, in conformity with the rules of the Company.

LEWIS C. GROVER, President. H. N. CORBELL, Vice President. EDWARD A. STROUSE, Secretary. BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Treasurer.

ABURY LIFE INSURANCE CO. Office, 905 BROADWAY, CORNER ELEVENTH ST., NEW YORK.

G. C. NORTH, President. A. V. STOUT, Vice President. M. O. SAVIN, Vice President. W. R. FLUHAERTY, Secretary.

Reliable Agents Wanted.—To those who will give their whole time to the business, liberal terms will be granted.

Taking it for Granted.

With marks of a rough, stormy life all over him, a man of about fifty years, gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I found him there when I went in one morning not long ago.

"Here is somebody waiting for you, Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose and held out his hand.

"Averill—my name is Averill," said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair of shrewd gray eyes.

"I am an old friend of your mother's; I have not met her for a matter of five-and-twenty years. So I thought I'd call and ask after her and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are you a relative of my mother's?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name, but not connected—unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own state and country. Let's see—where is your Aunt Augusta, now?"

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I.

"Pretty well, is she, do you know?" asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. Aunt Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy."

"Um-m-m-m! That is nice," said Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget of gold that hung as a charm from his watch-chain.

"I hadn't much to do that day, so I talked off and on with my visitor till it was time to go home, and then took him along with me. I left him in the sitting-room, and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old, half-forgotten lullaby of her youth."

"Mother!" said I, breaking in upon her song. "Come in the other room. An old friend of yours wants to see you."

Mother looked up over her glasses. The Maine folks, in it," she said, as if she had had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing "an old friend," she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company card.

As soon as she had stepped inside the sitting-room door, she stood and looked at her guest, and he stood and looked at her.

"It is Sam, as true as you are born!" she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then they both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill.

"I never knew mother to forget her house-keeping before, but this time she let the biscuit burn till they were black as my shoe! and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt, and left out the saleratus altogether. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, and she never her guest seemed to know the difference."

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hopping up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Sam?"

"How do you remember?" returned Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," answered my mother, with a girlish laugh. "The way you used to pick up walnuts to carry to me, and then put a cluster of the blossoms to make candy of! Speaking of the cross-roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curry's lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing from one of his old neighbors every week.

"Yes," said my mother. "She married one of old Beaver's boys, the oldest one, Jonathan, and he died sudden—all at once; well, it must be something like half a dozen years ago—and left his wife and so many children—five children or else six, I don't know which."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Averill, passing his honey plate for the third time. No, evidently he had not lost his sweet tooth.

"After supper, mother washed up the dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smoked his pipe and listened. It was the first time I ever allowed anybody to smoke in my house, but I had nothing to say now. I even filled his pipe and lighted it for him. And then he told the story of his life, which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a man who did not read much, and who could not have written well, but he could talk; not always grammatically, perhaps, but always with force and fascination."

SAM AVERILL'S STORY.

It seemed that years and years ago, his father and his mother's father lived in a town in the valley of the Kennebec. My mother's father was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer with a very large family. So his young son, Sam, came to work for my grandfather. My mother and my Aunt Augusta were younger girls—they were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early engaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta, and there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything, he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he felt, and he supposed Augusta knew too.

So the years boded and blossomed and brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went down to Connecticut to take charge of a saw mill for an uncle of his. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to him; and now and then he came to Maine on business, always going to my grandfather's before he went home, and carrying himself toward Augusta like an accepted lover.

After a few years of tw

went abroad, to England and Rome and Egypt and Paris and Germany and Sweden and Russia, and everywhere. When he came home at last, it was with only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

Now I will come home and marry Augusta, and settle down, said he to himself. He didn't say it to anybody else. It never occurred to him that was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the gardener to come and pick it. She cast out her roots and threw up her branches and blossomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

In the simple neighborhood work was supposed to be the chief end of everybody. So Aunt Augusta learnt vent-making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Nathan lived, and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and had its stores and its mills, and its shops, and its great white meeting house on a hill, with galleries on three sides and square towers and a high bell pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of course, and went in the front pew with Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk bonnet with pink roses inside. Her cheeks were as pink as her voice, and her eyes were as black as her gown.

There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keeler, the minister, was a little lank man, as plain and gray as a dog-bug, and so afraid of the pews and pulpits that he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No sooner had he stepped on Aunt Augusta, setting down the heavy pew like a variegated tulip, than he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal like his iron—not easily melted—but when it once had been hammered into a shape, he was fixed and steadfast. And today Aunt Augusta's eyes went through the tulip, then he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked then.

He went to California, throwing his whole life into work; his work prospered, and he had come back now with houses and lands and gold and mines—a rich man. He had come back to find Aunt Augusta, and learn how the world had fared with her. For in all these years of buying and selling and getting gain, he had kept the empty room in his heart that had once been filled with his love.

Aunt Augusta's married life had not been happy. It is very dangerous for a man to take it as a mean habit temporarily, for it will stick to him, and Abner Stanton's character never recovered from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. I don't know what, but something was always going wrong between them. Even their children proved barriers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said, "he got so close he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told Aunt Augusta about the lost letters.

"You oughtn't to have told me that, Abner," said she. "You ought not to have told me. I can never forgive you."

She never did. Always after, there seemed to be something separating them, cold and hard and transparent as ice until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did, until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grandchildren, happy and comfortable.

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

"I will start to Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of the same mind I always was. I've never hankered for a moment after any other woman, and I am as ready to marry her to-day as ever I was."

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful with expectation.

This time he did not waste his opportunity by waiting to make himself fine, but with the grime and dust of travel yet upon him, he went directly to the house of Aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she is living.

"Where is Mrs. Stanton?" I want to see her right away," said he as soon as the door was opened.

"You will find her here; walk in if you please," replied the house-maid, throwing open the door of the sitting-room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward. Yes, there she sat stitching away as before on some kind of primrose-colored stuff with her eyes as black and bright as ever. But the primroses were faded in her cheeks, and she wore a cap on her head.

"I have come for you again, Augusta. Am I too late this time?" cried the impatient lover.

The roses came back to Aunt Augusta's cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot out of her eyes once more.

"Bless us! If it is Sam Averill, now and all!" she said, holding up her hands. From twenty to fifty is as but a watch in the night, then the years are past; and it is only when an old lady nods triumphantly at you from the looking-glass, saying, "Here I am, my dear!" or when children that you have nursed in your arms come around with the rights and duties of full-grown men and women, that you remain

her one is no longer young at fifty. But the sight of Sam Averill's gray hairs and wrinkles were as good as a looking-glass to remind Augusta.

"Sit down Sam," said she, "and let me look at you. It seems like the real old times to see you once more. You look wonderfully natural, but dear me, how you have changed! You're grown old as well as myself."

But Mr. Averill was not to be deterred by any such aside.

"Augusta," said he, earnestly, "I made a serious mistake once. It was not a mistake about my own mind, however; that remains the same it always was. Every woman I've ever seen seemed to me a tall candle beside the sun when I think of you. I have made my fortune, and all I want now is to you to come and share it with me, it is you, or nobody, just as it always was."

Maybe Aunt Augusta's heart throbbed a little with the old yearning toward the love of her youth, but she shook her head with unhesitating decision, as she put out her hand to stir the radiance where her youngest grandchild lay asleep.

"I can never be Sam," said she. "I won't deny that it was all a mistake, my marrying Stanton. He didn't turn out to be the man I took him for. He proved contrary and onerous, and beside he wrote letters in disguise. But that is all over and past, and can't be undone. And now I am in the midst of my children with my children and grandchildren, growing up about me, and I am in my right place. I shouldn't be contented to leave everything and go off to a new country to begin the world over again, as it were. I am too old an oak to be transplanted."

Well after that Mr. Averill might have talked till he was the size of Methusalem, Aunt Augusta had made up her mind, and an earthquake couldn't shake her. So Mr. Averill again went away alone.

"Well, Amelia, Augusta wouldn't have a word to say to me," said he, walking in upon mother and me as we sat at supper a few evenings after, "not a word."

"I want to know if that is so!" cried mother, snuffing up after another plate and knife. "Lay your overcoat right off and you have promised him, of course. But it isn't right and it never will be right."

"Mr. Stanton is a worthy